THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 159.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN defending the reputation of a writer unfairly decried, we not only gratify our natural love of justice, but give support to the empire of good taste, which is equally menaced when that which is worthless is praised, and when that which is admirable is condemned.

The poetry of Gray is invested with a glory which can belong only to that which has been severely tried: it holds the first rank in our literature, in spite of the rigour and the authority of Johnson. The critic has not prevailed upon the world, nor has he prevailed upon me, to adopt all the severity of his censure; but, since his opinions are ordinarily received with deference, it becomes us to give them, upon this occasion, a candid examination, and divest ourselves of prejudice on either side. It is the odes severally entitled the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*, and of these the former, on which the more elaborate critique has been bestowed. I propose to reconsider these odes, and, with them, the remarks of Johnson. In speaking of the *Bard*, which I shall defer till a future opportunity, I shall seldom be called upon to offer minute observations; but, with respect to the Progress of Poesy, I find it necessary to pursue the closest analysis. I have resolved, therefore, on transcribing the stanzas of this latter ode, together with the remarks, and with such notes of the author as seem to elucidate his ideas: I shall also punctuate the stanzas according to my own conceptions. It is to be observed, that the notes appended by Gray were expressly directed to the removal of the objections of Johnson and those who thought with him. He did not add them, however, without introducing a *retort courteous* on his critics: 'When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some explanatory notes; but had *too much respect for the understanding of his readers* to take that liberty.' Dr. Johnson's exordium is sufficient evidence that he wrote in a moment of *exacerbation;* but with what justice it is my business to enquire.

'My process has brought me to the *wonderful* "Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes, by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have since been persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the *Progress of Poesy.*'

Awake, Æolian lyre! awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow:
Now, the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now, rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

On this first stanza Johnson observes, 'Gray seems, in his rapture, to confound the images of *spreading sound* and *running water*. A "stream of music" may be allowed; but where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar." If this be said of music, it is nonsense; if it be said of water, it is nothing to the purpose.'

The only answer to the principal criticism here made is that given by Gray himself: 'The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united.' To the rest, Gray replies as follows: 'The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, is here described; its quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.'

We have here the accusation and the defence fairly before us. The question turns upon a figure of speech, which Gray uses and defends on the authority of Pindar, but which Johnson treats as indefensible. 'Gray,' says Johnson, 'seems in his rapture to confound *spreading sound* and *running water*;' Gray distinctly tells us that he does so: 'The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united.' This union is no less distinctly expressed at the very outset of the simile:

From Helicon's *harmonious* springs.

The springs of Helicon are treated as *springs* of *music*. This is surely no extravagant metaphor. All that remains to be seen is, whether the poet have to the end employed such language as is equally applicable to music (that is, poetry) and to water; for here is neither more nor less than a *double entendre*: if he have, I think we must allow him the victory. Let us see how he has expressed himself:

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

We have already heard Gray's explanation of this metaphorical phraseology. In this quatrain he describes the universal attributes of poetry, under the figure of a vivifying stream; in the remaining verses of the stanza, he speaks of the various character of poetry:

Now, the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;

and,

Now, rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Here Johnson asks, 'Where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain," so as that "the rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" I cannot allow my respect for a man of talents to prevent me from replying, that this question is either puerile or vulgar. It is not meeting the argument on its own ground; it is either mistaking it, or wilfully, and by the aid of a mean artifice, confounding it. We are all acquainted with that wretched species of wit through which it is ever in the power of the most ignorant trifler to give an appearance of absurdity where none in reality exists. It is only necessary to affect to understand literally that which is said figuratively. Johnson asks, 'Where does "music," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain?" but the thing to be ascertained is, whether music or poesy may be compared in imagination with a stream of water; whether Mount Helicon may be

said to be the seat of its 'harmonious springs;' whether, after having traced its source to that mountain, we may follow it to the valleys, plains and steeps; and whether, as in the landscape, it refreshes the flowers, feeds the harvests, and rolls 'down the steep amain,' while

— rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar,

so, in the mind, we may discover corresponding circumstances in poesy. That is, whether we may compare the several pursuits of poesy with the windings of a river through 'verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign, deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,' and with that same river, 'rolling down the steep, headlong, impetuous?' I think there is no comparison more natural. I think that, where Johnson imagines the triumph all his own, he has, in reality, shot a bolt that has fallen harmless. Why did he not object to 'harmonious springs?' If the metaphor be a false one, it is false from the beginning. Gray designed to confound the images; that is, to unite the subject and simile. It is unnecessary that I should collect here the numerous instances in which other poets have made the same union. I pass to the second stanza:

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of soft and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul!
On Thrac.a's hills, the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command!
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king;
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing,
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye!

'The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a schoolboy to his common-places.'

The subject of this stanza is described by Gray to be the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul;' the criticism turns on the images in which this power is exhibited: they are, perhaps, not the best adapted to the ideas of a modern reader. Gray certainly chose them for their pomp. As to their invention, the poet distinctly tells us, 'The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.' If it were wrong to borrow them, it was his misfortune to fall into the error to which men of learning and reading are so much exposed; that of making more use of their memory than of their imagination.

Thee the voice, the dance obey:
Temper'd to the warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light, in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay:

With Arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

'To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet green" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet drawn from art degrades nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly censured, as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "many-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.' The mythology in this stanza is from the same source as that in the foregoing. Of the imagery in the former part, Gray tells us 'this is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same ode;' that is, the first Pythian of Pindar.

The criticism of Johnson is, in this place, moderate, and, I think, just; though I doubt the propriety of the general position which excludes epithets or metaphors drawn from art

from being applied to nature. His censure of arbitrary compounds, and of 'many-twinkling' in particular, is sound. These compounds may be attributed to a misapplied familiarity with the Greek language. Gray was not, however, on this occasion, directly misled by it. At the line

Glance their many-twinkling feet,

he refers us to the following:

Μαρμαρυγας ὑπειτο ποδων θαυμαζε δε θυμω.
Hom. Od. Θ.

in which we have 'shining' or 'twinkling feet,' but not 'many-twinkling.'

I had deceived myself into a belief that I could comprise my examination of this ode within the compass of a single paper; but I have reached only the conclusion of the first ternary, and my letter is already long. I must therefore resume the subject in another.

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Concluded.*)

Mr. Mackenzie's observations on his poetical writings and character are no less just than elegant. The theory of his imaginative and descriptive powers is ingenious, and though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"In this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance and often force in the language, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, which the good will value, belong to those poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

"The additional poems, now first published in this volume, will, I think be found to possess equal merit with those which their author formerly gave to the world. There is perhaps a certain degree of languor diffused over some of them, written during the latter period of his life, for which the circumstances I have mentioned above may account; but the delicacy and the feeling remain undiminished: One of those later poems, the *Ode to Aurora, on Melissa's Birth-Day*, is a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not any where seen more happily conceived, or more elegantly expressed.

"His peculiar situation I do not mean to plead as an apology for defects in his compositions. I am sufficiently aware of a truth which authors or their apologists are apt to forget, that the public expects entertainment, and listens but ill to excuses for the want of it. But the circumstance of the writer's blindness will certainly create an interest in his productions beyond what those of one possessed of sight could have excited, especially in such passages of his works as are descriptive of visible objects. Mr. Spence has treated this descriptive power, which the poetry of Blacklock seemed to evince in its author, as a sort of problem which he has illustrated by a very great number of quotations from the poems themselves, by hypothetical conjectures of his own, drawn from those passages, and from the nature of a blind man's sensations and ideas.

"Without detracting from the ingenuity of M. Spence's deductions, I am apt, in the case of Blacklock, to ascribe much to the effect of a retentive and ready memory of that poetical language in which, from his earliest infancy, he delighted; and that apt appropriation of it which an habitual acquaintance with the best poets had taught him.

"This I am sensible by no means afford a complete solution of the difficulty; for though it may account for the use which he makes of poetical language, it throws no light on his early passion for reading poetry, and poe-

try of a kind, too, which lies very much within the province of sight; nor does it clearly trace the source of that pleasure which such reading evidently conveyed to his mind.

"It is observed, and I think very justly, by Dr. Reid, that there is very little of the knowledge acquired by those who see, that may not be communicated to a man born blind; and he illustrates his remark by the example of the celebrated Sanderson. Another writer (Mr. Burke) seems disposed to extend a similar observation to some of those *pleasures* of which the sense of sight is commonly understood to be the only channel; and he appeals, in proof of his doctrines, to the poetry of Blacklock: "Here (says he) is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm, by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound." The same author mentions, as a confirmation of his doctrine, the the scientific acquirements of Sanderson, which he seems to think explicable on the same principles with Blacklock's poetry.

"But, in truth, there appears to be very little analogy between the two cases; nor does the genius of Sanderson furnish by any means so curious a subject of philosophical disquisition as that of Blacklock. The ideas of extension and figure, about which the speculations of geometers are employed, may be conveyed to the mind by the sense of touch as well as by that of sight: and (if we except the phenomena of colour) the case is the same with all the subjects of our reasoning in natural philosophy. But of the pleasures which poetry excites, so great a proportion arises from allusions to visible objects, and from descriptions of the beauty and sublimity of nature, so much truth is there in the maxim, "ut pictura poësis," that the word *imagination*, which in its primary sense has a direct reference to the eye, is employed to express that power of the mind which is considered as peculiarly characteristic of poetical genius; and therefore, whatever be the *degree* of pleasure which the blind poet receives from the exercise of his art, the pleasure must, in general, be perfectly different in kind from that which he imparts to his readers.

"Sanderson, we are told, though blind, could lecture on the *prismatic spectrum*, and on the theory of the rainbow; but to his mind the names of the different colours were merely significant of the relative arrangement of the spaces which they occupied, and produced as little effect on his imagination as the letters of the alphabet, which he employed in his geometrical diagrams. By means of a retentive memory, it might have been possible for him to acquire a knowledge of the common poetical epithets, appropriated to the different colours: it is even conceivable, that, by long habits of poetical reading, he might have been capable of producing such a description of their order in the *spectrum* as is contained in the following lines of Thomson:

First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green:
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Etherial play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

"But, supposing all this possible, how different must have been the effect of the description on his mind from what it produced on that of Thomson? or what idea could he form of the rapture which the poet felt in recalling to his imagination the innumerable appearances in the earth and heavens, of which the philosophic principles he referred to afford the explanation?

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves, by the hoarse brook;
Or prophet to whose rapture heav'n descends!
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds
See, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare,
How just, how beauteous, the refractive law.

"Yet, though it be evidently impossible that a description of this sort, relating entirely to the peculiar perceptions of sight, should convey to a blind man the same kind of pleasure which we receive from it, it may be easily imagined, that the same words which, in their ordinary acceptation, express visible objects, may, by means of early associations, become to such a person the vehicle of many other agreeable or disagreeable emotions. These associations will probably vary greatly in the case of different individuals, according to the circumstances of their education, and the peculiar bent of their genius. Blacklock's associations, in regard to colours, were (according to his own account) chiefly of the moral kind.—But into this inquiry, which opens a wide field of speculation to the metaphysician, I do not mean to enter. I shall content myself with remarking, that, in other arts, as well as those which address themselves to sight, the same distinction is to be found. What may be termed the arithmetic and mathematics of music and of the scale depend not on a musical ear, any more than the theory of vision depends on sight. In both cases, pleasure and feeling are easily distinguishable from knowledge and science; the first require, and cannot exist, without an eye for colour, and an ear for sound; the last are independent of either.

"It is indeed the boast of genius to do much on scanty materials, to create and "body forth the forms of things," to give character to what it has not known, and picture to what it has not seen. The genius of Shakspeare has entered into the cabinets of statesmen and the palaces of kings, and made them speak like statesmen and like kings. It has given manners as well as language to imaginary beings, which, though we cannot criticise like the other, every one intuitively owns true. It has kindled the wizard's fire, and trimmed "the fairy's glow-worm lamp;" has moulded a Caliban's savage form, and spun the light down of an Ariel's wing. But this imaginative power, how extensive and wonderful soever its range, had still some elements from which it could raise this world of fancy, some analogies from which its ideas could be drawn. To the blind no degree of genius can supply the want of these with regard to visible objects, nor teach them that entirely distinct species of perception which belongs to sight. "Objects of sight and touch (says Berkeley very justly) constitute two worlds, which, though nearly connected, bear no resemblance to one another."

"If we do not assign to Blacklock any extraordinary, or what might be termed preternatural, conception of visible objects, yet we may fairly claim for him a singular felicity of combination in his use of the expressions by which those objects are distinguished.

"Whatever idea or impression those objects of sight produced in his mind, how imperfect soever that idea, or how different soever from the true, still the impression would be felt by one of a mind susceptible and warm like Blacklock's, that could not have been so felt by one of a coarser and more sluggish mould. Even the memory, that could treasure up the poetical attributes and expressions of such objects, must have been assisted and prompted by poetical feeling; and the very catalogue of words which was thus ready at command, was an indication of that ardour of soul, which, from his infancy, led him

Where the muses haunt,
Smit with the love of sacred song;

as the unmeaning syllables which compose a name give to the lover or the friend, emotions which others in it were impossible they should excite."

The following unbiassed decision of an ingenious foreigner in his favour, on considering his poems, relatively to his situation, merits particular attention, as it is not liable to the suspicion of partiality:

"Blacklock," says Professor Denina, in his "Essay on the Revolutions of Literature," to posterity will seem a fable; as to the present age, he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, that a man blind from his infancy, besides

having acquired a surprising knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, should, at the same time, be a great poet; and, without having almost ever seen the light, should, notwithstanding, be singularly happy in his descriptions."

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

Without wishing you to recommend it to any of your readers, fair or brown, to adopt the sentiments of Helianthe, I shall be pleased to see in your Port Folio, as a *study* of life, and as entitled to much serious examination, the following

LETTER BY A YOUNG LADY.

I am by no means an interested person, and yet I find myself in singular circumstances. I am acquainted with a young man of twenty-five years of age, of an agreeable person; and I am seventeen. This young man is reckoned amiable, and I, during twelve months that I have known him, have never thought the contrary. He used sometimes to pay me compliments, with which I was satisfied; but other gentlemen of his age did the same, and it appeared to me that I was equally pleased. When he gave his attentions to me, I thought him very agreeable; but, when he was absent, and when others paid me the same attentions, with the same eagerness, I do not say that I esteemed those persons as more agreeable than he, but my thoughts were given to them, and when I did not see him, I forgot him.

Now, it is about three months since this young man, who was without fortune, became extremely rich, through an inheritance which he had not expected. He was absent some time, taking possession. During this interval, I heard him much spoken of, and the good fortune that had fallen upon him; he was the topic of the day; his name was mentioned in all the companies I frequented; every one asked for news of him. I found it very agreeable to be able to tell the young women of my own age that I was well acquainted with him; but, in saying this, I experienced a certain timidity: it seemed to me as if it were boasting, and I felt that I should be much humiliated, if, after saying this to my companions, he should neglect me. Others waited for his return with eagerness; I waited with some inquietude. At length, he arrived, and visited my father's house. He came in a carriage, attended by servants; his entrance had in it something more brilliant than before, and his deportment was more free and confident. Every body spoke to him at once; he was asked for particulars concerning his estate, his house, and his fortune; every one's mind was occupied with him. The women call him to them; my companions fixed their eyes upon him. In the midst of all this, I said to myself, he does not think of me; that is very plain, and it is all the same to me. Meanwhile, he turned toward me, and my heart beat; he approached me, and I coloured much. He addressed me as usual, and this, in him, appeared to me sufficient. I spoke in a manner that testified my good opinion, and I saw that it was remarked.

When he had left the room, the company said that he would be a good match; and I thought that his wife would be not only very rich, but very happy. I went to bed with this idea, and I slept but little. I revolved in my mind, that if he should ask me in marriage, it would shew that he loved me much; for I certainly had not so much fortune as he had a right to expect in the woman he might marry. I thought this would confer great honour upon me in the eyes of the world. I anticipated the congratulations I should receive in such a case, and the pleasure I should enjoy in hearing his person, his mind, and his character, advantageously spoken of. I figured to myself how much reason I should have to be proud of being made the object of his choice. I measured my own merit by that which belonged to him; and—I know not whether I exaggerated the latter, but—that night I gave it a high value.

In the morning, on awaking, I thought that it was possible I might see him; and I really did so. When he was gone, I found fault with myself for not having behaved in a manner sufficiently agreeable; and I promised myself to be more so another time. The desire of pleasing him became, from this time, the occupation of all the hours in which he was absent, and the fear that he should discover that desire occupied all the moments I passed with him. When he was present, I was afraid to converse with him, and scarcely was he gone, when I was miserable at having said nothing. My distractions were remarked, and made the subject of pleasantries: it was observed also that I paid more than usual attention to my dress. I was so much ashamed, that I had no longer courage to lift my eyes upon any one; I felt that it was seen why I was ashamed; and the idea of what would be thought and what would be said of me, if ever he married another, became a thought that pursued me without relaxation, and which I was unable to endure.

Sometimes, I believed that he really loved me, and then I was so happy, that I loved him with all my heart. The desire of knowing the truth, and the impossibility of knowing it, threw me into a state of agitation which I was unable to calm; my colour went and came, I slept little, I could not eat, and I was on the point of falling sick, when, a fortnight ago, he declared himself, and asked me in marriage.

From that moment I have enjoyed the height of happiness; my imagination is filled with the most charming ideas; I dream only of the time when I shall see him continually, when I shall be called by his name, which is considered, in the circles I frequent, as brilliant, through his fortune; and these thoughts fill me with ten times the more love for him who is about to procure me these gratifications: he thinks only of what will please me. He passes every day in consulting me on the colour of my furniture, the arrangement of my house, the choice of my servants, and a thousand other things, which charm so much the more because they are united with his presence. Yesterday morning, he shewed me the diamonds he designed for me; I was delighted to adorn myself before him; he surveyed me, he appeared happy in my joy, and at that moment it would have cost me but little to sacrifice to him the diamonds and every thing that was not himself. It happened, however, that, in the evening, I paid a visit to one of my cousins, who is to be married three days before me, and who will, in the language of the world, marry well. The company was small, her dress was mean, and she said nothing of the presents her intended husband had made her. No one talked of her carriage or of her house. She is, very possibly, happy; but her happiness does not appear to me to be accompanied with pleasure. If I were obliged to exchange the enchantment, the bustle, and the noise which surrounds me, with the tranquillity that surrounds her; in a word, if, of my present happiness, I had nothing left me but that which is the cause of it; I have seen with grief that it would not be sufficient; that I could not be happy in my brilliant condition, without him, but that the condition itself is also necessary to my happiness. This discovery threw me into despair. I have called myself unjust and ungrateful; I have said within myself that I deceive him in letting him believe I love him. I was determined to declare the whole, break off every thing, and renounce all: shame and fear restrained me; I hesitated, I wept, and my condition was painful in the extreme. My solitude was disturbed. To conceal my agitation, I pretended to read a book, which lay near me. Can you imagine what met my eyes? this passage of La Bruyère:

"*There is not, in any young woman's heart, a passion so violent as that interest or ambition does not add a portion.*"

"*Interest!*" It is a shocking word, and I have already said that I am not very much alive to it; but I have made some reflections on the subject, by which I am a little tranquillised. When we love any one as a husband, it is because we think that we shall be happy with him. A young woman who feels that she may not love any one but him whom she may marry, fixes the more willingly her choice on him who has the most numerous resources for making her happy in marriage; and as her happiness in marriage does not entirely depend on him whom she marries, but also on the situation in which he places her, it is natural that she should think it of some importance that this situation should be agreeable, and that, in the man she prefers, she should love not only a good husband, but also a good marriage. It is very easy also to understand that she must be the more flattered with the love of him who addresses her, when she is well aware that he has more means of occupying his mind without her; and that she should put greater faith in its sincerity or its warmth, the more easily his choice might fall upon another. I think, after considering it well, that in all this there is nothing very reprehensible. HELIANTHE.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Allow me to slip into the Port Folio the *Antiguo romance de los amores desgraciados de Fernando y Elzira:*

Vencido en infausta guerra,
De un principe moro esclavo,
Al triste son de los grillos,
Suspiros lanza Fernando.

No las delicias perdidas
Lamento de aquellos campos,
Donde por la vez primera
Le viéron del sol los rayos.

Ni le amarga la memoria
De sus padres, que entre llantos
Sin esperanza llaman,
Desde el oriente al ocaso.

Elzira, la hermosa Elzira,
Hija del rey Africano,
Es la que llorar ordena
A su pecho enamorado.

Amor, amor! quien resiste
A tu omnipotente brazo?
Desde el pastor al monarca
Triunfante arrastra tu carro.

Dígalo la tierna Elzira,
Que en la llama de Fernando
Ardió; y dixéron sus ojos
Lo que callaban sus labios.

Yo te amaré eternamente,
Dice en su mirar Fernando;
Y el de Elzira le responde:
Ama, que el premio te guardo.

Se entienden; y amor los guia
A sus templos solitarios,
De donde terrible ahuyenta
Al insensible profano.

Allí, do entre áridos montes
En precipicios tajados,
Se despenan estruendosos
Torrentes mil espumando.

El amor les da su copa,
Y en deleytosos letargos,
En la márgen del abismo
Los va adormeciendo falso.

Ya la prudente cautela,
Ya su opinion olvidáron;
Amor dó quier los rodea;
Y es ciego el Amor incanto.

Ay! que sus tristes amores
Resuenan ya en el palacio!
Ay! que el iracundo oido
Hieren del Rey Africano!

Del Rey, que el pecho de bronce
Ni amante jamas, ni amado
En pos de los amadores
Vuela respirando agravios.

Ministros de sus venganzas
Le rodean sanguinarios
Cien inflexibles sayones
De horrendas muertas armados.

Dispertad, salid, ó amantes,
De ese funeral letargo,
Antes que rotas las nubes
Descienda mortal el rayo.

No escuchais la herrada planta
De los fogosos caballos,
Que hacen que temblado giman
Los ecos allá lejanos?

Elzira asustada atiende,
Vuela, registra, y Fernando
El Rey—exclama, y sus voces
Muriéron en un desmayo.

Fernando se alza, duda,
Vaga con incierto pasos,
Arde enfuror, y resuelve
Arrojarse á sus contrarios.

Iba ya, quando de Elzira
Se acuerda, y lleno de espanto
Torna, y la ve desmayada,
El rostro en sudor banado.

Su pallidez sostenia
Sobre un abismo un penasco
Que va á caer, y hondo espera
Un torrenta siempre opaco.

La ve, y palpita el amante:
Tres veces la nombra en vano,
Recoge su aliento, y posa
En su corazon la mano.

No vuelves? clama: y oyendo
De un zéfiro el soplo manzo
Ver á su amada imagina
Entre bárbaros soldados.

Lanza mil trémulos gritos
Y con el siniestro brazo
Estrecha á Elzira, en la diestra
Un corvo alfange empunando.

Ella entretanto volviendo
Lentamente va: sus labios
Mueve, suspira; entreabre
La vista, y mira á Fernando.

La revuelve, y en el cielo
La clava; y luego posando
En su amador la cabeza,
Prorumpe en amargo llanto.

Llora, y; te perdi, le dice—
Nos perderán?—ah!—muramos,
No hay mas partido—la muerte
Dulce me será á tu lado.

O Fernando! única gloria
De mi corazon! te amo,
Y te amaré—aqui llegaba
Quando el monarca Africano

Parece, grita, amanaza;
Mas con valor desgraciado
Su hija sobre la roca
A su querido abrazando:

Tened, tened, le responde,
Os juro que á un solo paso
Que adelanteis, al instante
Nos veréis precipitados.

En las sombras de la muerte
Buscarémos el descanso,
Y el amor que aqui nos niegan
Vuestros pechos inhumanos.

Túrbase el Rey, y dudoso
Para: mas, ay! que entretanto
Ansioso del premio á Elzira
Un sanguinoso soldado

Corre—Deten, infelice,
Dó vas? gran Dios! se lanzáron
Los tristes: los vió el torrente,
Y abrió sus ondas bramando.

Dió allí á sus amores tumba,
Y de entónces solitario,
Sin cesar oye á la roca
Clamar: ELZIRA Y FERNANDO.

I subjoin two poems by Charles D'Orleans, father of Louis XII, and uncle of Francis I, taken from a collection printed from a MS. lately discovered in the public library at Grenoble. BEE.

Belle, bien avez souvenance,
Comme certainement je croy,
De la très-plaisante alliance,
Qu'amour fist entre vous et moy:
Son secrétaire Bonne-Foy
Escrit la lettre du traicté,
Et puis la scella Loyauté,
Qui la chose témoignera,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Joyeux Désir fust en présence,
Qui alors ne se tint pas coy;
Mais mist le faict en ordonnance,
De par Amour le puissant Roy,
Et, selon l'amoureuse loy,
De nos deux vouloirs pour seurté
Fist une seule voulenté.
Bien m'en souvient et souviendra,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Mon cueur n'a en nullui (1) fiance
De garder la lettre qu'en soy,
Et certes ce m'est grant plaisance,
Quand si très-loyal je le voy;
Et lui conseille, comme doy,
De toujours haïr faulseté;

(1) Personne.

Car quiconque l'a en chierté (*)
Amour chartier l'en fera,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Pensez en ce que j'ai compté,
Madame; car en vérité,
Mon cueur de foy vous requerra,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Fortune, veuillez-moy laisser
En paix, une fois je vous prie;
Trop longuement, à vray compter,
Avez eu sur moy seigneurie,
Toujours faites la renchérie:
Vers moi si ne voulez ouir
Les maulx que m'avez fait souffrir,
Y a jà plusieurs ans passez;
Dois-je toujours ainsi languir?
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

Plus ne puis en ce poinct durer.
Ah! mercy, mercy je vous crie:
Soupirs m'empechent le parler,
Veoir le pouvez sans mocquerie.
Il ne fault jà que je le die,
Pour ce vous veuil-je requérir,
Qu'il vous plaise de me tollir (1)
Les maulx que m'avez amassez,
Qui m'ont mis jusques au morir?
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

Tous maulx suis constraint de porter,
Fors un seul qui trop fort m'ennuye;
C'est qu'il me fault loing demourer
De celle qui tient pour amye;
Car pieca (2), en sa compaignie,
Laissay mon cueur et mon désir;
Vers moi ne veulent revenir:
D'elle ne sont jamais lassez;
Ainsi suis seul, sans nul plaisir.
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

De balader (3) j'ai beau loisir:
Aultres déduits me sont cassez (4);
Prisonnier suis d'Amour martyr.
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

(*) Quiconque l'aime.
(1) Enlever, ôter.
(2) Jadis.
(3) Faire des vers.
(4) Interdits.

For the Port Folio.

The following trial, which lately took place in the Court of Common Pleas, London, for an *assault*, may amuse if not instruct the reader. The cause kept the court and auditors in a continued roar of laughter.

LYON AGAINST MARTIN AND OTHERS.

Mr. serjeant Best opened, by observing that this was an action for an assault of so violent and unprovoked a nature, that he could not conceive what justification could possibly be alleged on the part of the defendants. The parties were members of a club that went by the name of Odd Fellows, and very odd fellows they certainly were, if they made a practice of conducting themselves in the manner he was about to state. He understood they had a president, who was neither called speaker nor chairman, but had the more lofty and dignified title of Most Noble Grand. This sublime office was filled by a person of the name of Harris, the son of the defendant's attorney, and as such he was the spokesman upon all matters of weight and importance. On one of the evenings of their meeting a debate ensued, and the Most Noble Grand, who had a preeminent seat allotted to him, made a motion that trustees should be appointed to keep the money of the society, and that himself, as Most Noble Grand, should be one of those trustees. His client, the plaintiff, recollected that there was not much money in the strong box of the society, but, on the contrary, that they were indebted to their landlord; he opposed the motion, judiciously observing, that before they appointed trustees to keep their money, they should have some money to be kept. One of the Odd Fellows, instead of moving the previous question, or the other orders of the day, moved, that the opposer of the Most Noble Grand's motion should be knocked down. This motion was not put to the vote, but was carried by acclamation.

Lord Alvanley asked, whether the defendants meant to justify under the orders of the house?

Mr. serjeant Shepherd said, that, as it was necessary, in order to knock a man down, the assailants should first get up, and approach him, these Odd Fellows accordingly rose *en masse* to attack the plaintiff. While they were venting their rage against his client, one of them desired him to get up and fight, a challenge it was not very likely he should, at that time, be disposed to accept. One of the defendants immediately exclaimed—"Go it—away with it.—It is a shilling warrant affair, and I'll stand by you." The learned counsel said it was necessary these Odd Fellows should be taught that there was such a thing as law. However ridiculously this affair had begun, there could be no excuse for the conduct of the defendants. The plaintiff had done nothing more than exercise the fair privileges of the house, by moving an amendment, which it was competent in him to propose. However Mr. Martin had thought proper to laugh at this assault, and suppose it would be satisfied by a shilling warrant, he trusted the jury would view it in a different light, and make him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth.

Moses Emanuel examined by
Mr. serjeant Best.—Pray, sir, what are you?
I am an Odd Fellow.
That I may take for granted upon the view; but what are you beside?

A glass-cutter.

The witness said he was a member of the lodge, which met in Middlesex-street, Whitechapel. On the night of the assault, Abraham and Jacob Martin, and the other defendant, Mr. Bendaun, were there. Bendaun was Vice Grand. A motion had been made by the Most Noble Grand, that there should be a trustee to hold the money of the lodge, when brother Lyon said, there was no necessity for a trustee, for the landlord was sufficient while the lodge was in his debt. Upon this, words ensued, and Jacob Martin struck Lyon, and cut his lip in several places. Abraham Martin seconded him, and Bendaun took up a quart pot, and flung it at Lyon, which struck him on the side. When the plaintiff was down, and overwhelmed by his opponents, Bendaun desired him to get up and fight. He declined, saying he was not of a pugnacious disposition; upon which Bendaun took up his fist, and struck him again. Abraham Martin exclaimed—"Go it, go it; give it him. A one shilling warrant will pay for it all." This was addressed to Jacob Martin and Bendaun. Most Noble Grand said, "You have beat him enough, do not give him any more, or you will kill him." Their fists went so quick, that the witness could not enumerate the blows. The Most Noble Grand, observing that the pots and bottles were flying about, ordered the witness to take them away. On his cross examination, he said, he had been an Odd Fellow twelve months; he could not say he knew so much of the laws of the society as the Most Noble Grand, but he knew most of the statutes and ordinances; he was not apprised of a law which required, as a qualification, before an Odd Fellow was made Most Noble Grand, that he should have knocked down half a dozen watchmen, broke a dozen lanterns, and been indicted for an assault. The laws were all written in a book.

It was objected, that, as there were *leges scriptæ*, the statutes themselves ought to be produced, and that oral testimony was inadmissible.

The witness said, the lodge had not long opened when the assault was committed, and none of the brothers were drunk. The Most Noble Grand ordered him to attend, as there was to be a committee. His office was that of Lord Warden, and his duty was to snuff the lights.

Moses Israel and Nathan Nathan, two other Odd Fellows, corroborated, in every respect, the testimony of the right honourable the Lord Warden.

Mr. serjeant Best described this as a trumpery action, unworthy the consideration of the jury. If causes of this kind were encouraged by giving damages, the whole time of the court would be occupied with them. They were only important to the attorney who brought them. He submitted, that the smallest possible damages would be sufficient. What was the true state of the transaction? A parcel of silly young men, calling themselves Odd Fellows, met to amuse themselves: a ridiculous motion was made; abuse followed, and was succeeded by a blow and a bloody nose. He was persuaded the plaintiff was a man who would willingly receive a worse beating than the defendants had given him, every day in the week, for five shillings. It was to be observed, that the principal and ringleader was Bendaun, who had actually paid the plaintiff's attorney 3l. as a peace-offering. He trusted the jury would treat this Odd Fellow, the plaintiff, as he deserved.

Lord Alvanley said, as to the payment of 3l. in satisfaction, it had not been proved; the jury ought to put it entirely out of the question. He hoped, if these Odd Fellows did not behave a little better, the landlord would not suffer them to meet any longer at his house.

With regard to the verdict, the jury would exercise their own judgment.

The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages *twenty shillings*.

THE DAY.

No 2.

BY DAVID DIARY.

SEMPER PARATUS.

I scarcely know a more useful lesson than that by which we are taught to do our best under the circumstances that present themselves, rather than waste our existence in the contemplation of the great parts we might be able to play under those which our imagination can contrive. In the fulfilment of the first consists the true moral greatness; in the indulgence of the second, there is often room for the most contemptible imbecility. Not only to do that which is good, but to do it when and where it is necessary, is the art of life. Unequal to this, what crowds of drivellers idle away or misemploy their Days! How many half-finished heroes have I not seen, always disposed to achieve the noblest actions, but never ready when the occasion happened to call for them! Through an unfortunate star, it was ever too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too late at night, or too early in the morning.

Nor is the lesson useful only to those who are to act; it demands the implicit obedience of those who are contented merely to think. Our thoughts as well as our actions should be ready for the Day. If they are for ourselves, no other are so precious; if for the world, no other are so acceptable. It is in vain that I shall be told of the importance of the future, and its claim upon our thoughts. The Day is the cradle of the future; and we must survey in that, and through that, the rising object of our devotion. To neglect the child is to neglect the man; to neglect the Day is to neglect the future.

I have yet a third application to press of the sentiment which stands at the head of my paper. Let writers always bear it in mind; let the Day find them always ready. I am not deaf to any thing they can say of posterity, of their lasting reputation, and their immortal name; and can allow them, more or less, to consult these interests: but I beseech them to make themselves serviceable in their Day.

I might here, if, indeed, I had the whole Day before me, and were not arrived almost at the end of that portion of it which alone, as the reader will shortly see, I have secured for my own speculations; I might here, I say, enter into a very entertaining inquiry, at the end of which, as I doubt not, I should be found to have made it evident that, in writing as well as in every thing else, it is, as I have said above, in the Day that we must study the future. I should be able to shew that nearly all the works which are now prized by the posterity of their authors, were, at their writing, adapted to the Day. I should bring conviction, I believe, not only that to write for the future, in contempt of the Day, is a puerile and fantastic project, but that the productions of the finest genius, and those which have the least questionable titles to immortality, are such as were written expressly for the Day. The Iliad was written for the Greeks of the Day. The Æneid was written for the Romans of the Day. Shakespeare wrote for the Day. Junius wrote for the Day. In reality, the writer for the Day enjoys a prodigious advantage, and such as may well account for the interest he inspires long after the Day is past. In addressing himself to men actually existing, in conforming himself to actual manners and actual habits of thinking, his pen acquires a portion of that life and truth on which he fixes his eye; and his writings command from subsequent generations the deep interest of pictures which give us the features of those who have once lived. But, there is still another consideration: from the invariableness of human nature, amid the fluctuation of human manners, it arises, that what is addressed to the feelings of one age is addressed to the feelings of every other.

This is forcibly illustrated in a class of compositions, to the nature of which it is more particularly my business to direct this argument and draw the attention of my reader. I allude to Periodical Papers, in the path of which I have ventured to set my foot. It is observable, that such of these as are best relished by posterity are precisely those which were most temporary in their general scope. Allusions no longer felt, and arguments no longer important, are still insufficient to inspire distaste of works which, formed on nature, because on the Day, are to us mirrors of what remains, or monuments of what is passed.

With these sentiments to direct me in the task I have undertaken, I derive peculiar pleasure from the communication of my very early correspondent, VINDICATOR. He has rightly counted on my zeal for literature; and I shall always think it at least equally my duty to keep ward over the taste as over the productions of the Day.

MR. DIARY,

Observing that you propose to make Literature one of the objects of your care, I am determined not to lose a Day in communicating to you an offence against *good letters* which calls loudly for your animadversion. I was lately turning over a few pages of what, for courtesy-sake, I must call criticism,

when, at length, I found myself attracted by the names of Cowper and Thomson. I am not the foremost among the admirers of Cowper; but I cannot willingly omit to oppose a dissenting voice to some of the decisions of the writer before me. He tells us that he has never been able to read the *Task* a second time. This may be his best apology for not "recollecting any passages in it eminently beautiful." I give no praise to much of Cowper's cast of thought; I merely pardon it in a man afflicted with a most unhappy state of mind; but there are passages in the *Task*, and frequent and large ones too, that may safely be placed by the side of any of the inspirations of the English Muses. When a sneer is cast upon Cowper's productions in rhyme, it must be in allusion to his longer pieces; for the shorter, and lighter, have, in general, a distinguished share of beauty.

But, my critic most amazes me when he comes to speak of Thomson. Thomson is his favourite author. He reads the *Seasons* once a year. Here, also, we agree at the outset. I know of few other books on which I so freely bestow all the praise to which they aspire. But, while I had thought nothing was going forward but a solemn judgment on Cowper's Homer, I am suddenly told, "the first lines of the *Seasons* are ridiculous, as they contain absurd imagery. Observe—" Here, there follows a quotation of the *ridiculous* lines:

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And, from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!

"Now, reduce this to painting," says the critic, "and what kind of picture does it present?" Such a picture, I answer, as it might well employ the talents of a Guido to produce.

"Spring, an allegorical personage, "is described as descending from the "bosom of a *dropping cloud* (quere, "what does the cloud drop?)"—What do all clouds drop, unless rain? rain, which produces the flowers of the spring? rain, vernal rain, which a poet may well call a shower of roses.

—"*While music wakes around.* What music, vocal or instrumental? *Non liquet.*" This critic may be a fine fellow at law-latin; but, in spite of his annual reading of Thomson, he knows but little of the Seasons. The delicious rains of the seed-time are novelties to him. He never exclaimed with his *ridiculous* author:

Who can hold the shade,
When heav'n descends in universal bounty,
Shedding herbs and fruits and flow'rs
In nature's ample lap?

He has never observed, in winter,

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies,
How dumb the tuneful!

No! he knows no more of the music of the spring, than of the music of the spheres.

The next hard passage is this:—"*veiled in a shower of shadowing roses.*"—I can say nothing here, except, *Lascia la poetica, e studia la matematica.* I have met with persons without taste for poetic imagery, but, none, I think, so completely so as the man before me. Is there a mind, though duller

than the fat weed
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,

that can be insensible to the picture of the Spring, descending from a cloud, amid the music of the groves, and *veiled* in a shower of *shadowing roses?* The poet, surveying at once the present and the future, may well see in the raindrops the roses to which they are to give birth:

Tendre fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baisers du Zéphir.

How diverting must it not be to hear this ingenious gentleman's comments on the whole of his favorite poet! For the rest, I have only to hope that, childish as the questions above cited may appear, yet, considering by how great an authority they have been proposed, I have not been equally childish in giving them answers.

VINDICATOR.

VARIETY.

I believe it is Gilbert Wakefield who expresses the ensuing opinion of one the sections of the Apocrypha, which we peruse with perpetual delight, and which is earnestly recommended to every polite scholar, not only for its exquisite ethics, but as a vocabulary of some of the most brilliant phrases, which can be found in any language.

The Book of Wisdom is exprest with a perfection of eloquence and a cordiality of sentiment which must for ever preserve and endear it as a manual of piety, of benevolence, and of the milder virtues. It seems to contain, as in a nard box of alabaster, the peculiar essence of vital Christianity and evangelical religion; the *aroma* which exhales from every splinter of the true cross; the very leaven which gives its savour to the bread of Christian communion; the Sinapic seed, which has branched into the tree of life.

The following dedication of a volume of sermons by the celebrated Dr. V. KNOX is honourable to the Peer who well deserved such praise, and to the classical author, who manifests a spirit worthy of those ancients, whose style he emulates.

To the Right Honourable Lord Eardley,

MY LORD,

The servility of dedications has too often degraded the dignity of Literature. The tribute of gross flattery has not only disgraced writers and offended Patrons, but depreciated valuable works and diminished their effects on the reader.

If I were mean enough to offer you adulation, your lordship would despise it. I should despise myself. I dedicate these sermons to you for two reasons, neither of them adulatory. The first is, that I may publicly express the sense I retain of the great civilities which you have shewn me, and the attention you have paid to the place of your education, over which I now preside. The second, a desire to point out to my readers a brilliant example of one of the first Christian virtues, benificence. In imitation of the great author of our religion, you, my lord, go about doing good. God has given you a heart, large and liberal as your fortune. It may be truly said of your Lordship, that,

Dii tibi divitias dederunt ARTEMQUE FRUENDI.

But I refrain. I know you delight to do good in secret. I will not give you pain by publicly expatiating on your bounty. Heaven will record it. The world knows it; for it is so frequent and so profuse, that your endeavours to conceal it cannot be successful.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, plays were performed by the children of the Chapel Royal, and one boy (Sal Pavy) *who died in his thirteenth year*, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson wrote the following epitaph on him:

Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive,
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he numbred scarce thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he beene
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we moone)
Old men so duely
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas too late)
They have repented.
And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steepe him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keepe him.

This celebrated child was an original performer in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

SONG.

From Specimens of the Early English Poets.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
But that I found the slightest prayer
That breathe and move, had power to move thee.
But I can leave thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth ev'ry thing it meets,
Then, since thou cans't with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The virgin-rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But, pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves drop from it, one by one.
Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
With sear flowers to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for every one,
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

The following Song is from the pen of the justly celebrated WILLIAM HAYLEY: it is introduced in his poem, *The Triumphs of Music*, and seems to evidence that he is himself "A mighty master of pathetic song." A father's "filial pride," however, is an unwarrrantable expression.

By a tomb that held his treasure,
All his filial pride and pleasure,
Thus a father mourn'd his child:
"Leave, ah! leave me to my sorrow!
"Dark my day, and dark my morrow;
"Life is now a dreary wild!
"Hope forsook me,
"Mis'ry took me,
"When in death my darling smil'd!"

Ere his plaint of woe was ended,
From an azure sky descended,
Gracious Pity cheer'd his sight!
"Know," she said, "and cease to languish,
"Heav'n afflicts with transient anguish,
"Hearts, that sacred bonds unite,
"But to render
"Bliss more tender
"In eternal scenes of light."

It is a singular circumstance in Literary History that so many authors are intrepid plagiarists. Let the reader peruse the following passage from BEN JONSON, a writer by no means destitute of original genius, and then turn to OVID'S Art of Love, either in the original, or in the translations of DRYDEN and CONGREVE, and he will be astonished to discover that both authors have chosen the same topics, and discussed them in the same manner.

A man should not doubt to overcome
Any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em
And he shall; for though they deny, their desire
Is to be tempted. Penelope herself
Cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was
Taken at last. You must persevere, and
Hold to your purpose. They would solicit us
But that they are afraid. Howsoever,
They wish in their hearts we should solicit
Them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never
Want eloquence, or trust: even the chastest
Delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd.
With
Praises you must mix kisses too; if they
Take them, they'll take more. Though they
strive,
They would be overcome.

2. O but a man must beware of force.
1. It is to them an acceptable violence
And has oft-times the place of the greatest
Courtesy. She that might have been forc'd, and
You let her go free without touching, though
Then she seem to thank you, will ever hate
You after; and, glad in the face, is assuredly
Sad at the heart.
2. But all women are not to be taken all ways.
1. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes;
If you appear learned to an ignorant
Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty
To a foolish, why she presently begins
To mistrust herself. You must approach them
In their own height, their own line; for the
Contrary makes many that fear to commit
Themselves to noble and worthy fellows
Rush into the embraces of a rascal.
If she love wit, give verses, though you
borrow
Them of a friend; or buy them, to have good.
If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent
In the mention of quarrels, though you be
Not staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen
On your Barbary often; or leaping
Over stools, for the credit of your back.
If she love good cloaths, or dressing, have
your
Learn'd council 'bout you, every morning
Your French taylor, barber, milliner, be.
Let your powder, your glass, and your comb
be
Your dearest acquaintance. Take more care
for
The ornament of your head, than the safety:
And wish the commonwealth rather troubled
Than a hair about you, that will take her.
Then, if she be covetous and craving,
Do you promise any thing, and perform
Sparingly. So shall you keep her appetite.
Still seem as you would give, but be like a
Barren field that yields little, or unlucky
Dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let
Your gifts be slight and dainty, rather
Than precious; lest cunning be above
cost. Give
Cherries at times of year, and apricots,
And say they came out of the country,
Though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire
Her tires, like her in all fashions,
Compare her in every habit to some deity;
Invent excellent dreams to flatter her,
And riddles; or if she be a great one,
Perform always the second parts to her;
Like what she likes, praise whom she praises,
and
Fail not to make the household and the servants
Yours: yea the whole family, and salute
Them by their names, 'tis ever light cost, if
you
Can purchase them so, and make her physician
Your pensioner, and her chief woman; nor
Will it be out of your gain to make love to
her too.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Lucio, when a lover, was a rhymer, and has occasionally found you indulgent enough to insert his "effusions" in your Miscellany. The following is now at your disposal.

Let not a sigh my passion tell,
Nor, wafted to Matilda's ear,
Declare what woes my bosom swell,
Or why descends the briny tear.

For well I know her gentle breast
Would pity whom she has undone,
And Love is often Pity's guest,
And Love and Wretchedness are one.

Forbid it Heaven! Matilda's charms,
And matchless worth, deserve a crown;
And not to grace a wretch's arms,
Exposed to fate and fortune's frown.

Some happier youth may chance to gain
A heart where all the virtues dwell;
Matilda blest, I'll ne'er complain,
Nor shall a sigh my passion tell!

LUCIO.

Mr. Oldschool may laugh at the loss of a heart, but it is not always a trifling loss.

Hey, Sam! why so pale—so forlorn—so dejected?
Has Chloe prov'd false? Is she sick? Is she dead?
Or has the fair flirt your *burnt-offering* rejected?
Why, pr'ythee, so pale? Is't thy heart or thy head?

Don't laugh, my dear Dick, worse than either, believe me,
I sigh not for Chloe—I mourn not for Sue;
'Tis my pocket that suffers—The jade, to deceive me!—
I lost with my *heart* seven hundred, at loo!

LUCIO.

To E. W. D. of Philadelphia.

Ah why, lov'd Philemon, so soon could you leave
The girl, than whom kinder none ever could be;
But who laugh'd away yesterday only to grieve,
For many a to-morrow, in sadness for thee?

Or why did you whisper so soft in my ear,
And vow, that forever with me you could stay?
Then soon as I, foolishly, own'd you were dear
To this bosom, you left it, and hurried away:

I was foolish indeed!—but how cruel in you,
To sport with a heart so entirely your own—
A heart that would break ere it ceas'd to prove true,
Or cherish the object its kindness had won.

Return then, Philemon, and still these alarms,
Believe me, no frown on my brow you shall see;
Be once more but kind, and, again, in thy arms,
Aminta will own that she doats upon thee.

AMINTA.

Baltimore, February 1806.

If Mr. Oldschool think the above worth printing, he will oblige a Lady by inserting it in his elegant Miscellany.

FROM CATULLUS.

"Vivemus mea Lesbia."

Lesbia, let us live and love!
Let us, Lesbia, far remove
Care and sorrow;—nor regard
Tales that happiness retard!
Yon bright Sun that gilds the main,
Sets—but sets to rise again!
We, when once life's precious light
Is out,—must sleep in endless night!
Haste then, darling of my wishes,
Bless me with an hundred kisses,
Then, succeeding each to each,
Tho' the number thousands reach,
Still encrease the boundless store,
Still, O! still, give myriads more;
Till when myriads we have given,
(Rapt in all the joys of Heav'n;)
Let us cease to count our treasures,
Lest we fix a bound to pleasures;
Or lest others envious prove,
When they see such hoards of love!

C. B.

EPIGRAMS.

From Catullus.

Hal strives to climb the hill of *Tense;*
But *Reason* hurls him headlong thence!

C. B.

From the same.

Lesbia my fond proposal still dis'proves,
Yet may I perish but my Lesbia loves!
Whence is my proof?—the same revoking will
Is mine—I curse her, yet I love her still!

C. B.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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